

seem to him more than human. He believed her to be the "youngest of the angels," and when he grew to be a man he made her known to all the world as the incarnation of all virtue.

There is no reason to suppose that Beatrice Pontinari was more than commonplace in looks or character. The genius of Dante has immortalized a creation of his fancy, not the real woman.

At the time when Messer Portinari gave this *fete* he had in his employ a servant named Monna Tessa. Monna's work occupied only part of the day, and being an active, strong woman, of keen sympathies, she spent the rest of the time visiting the sick in the neighboring hovels. The Portinari palace was large. She begged her master to give her the use of two vacant rooms. One day Portinari went to them, and found them filled with sick paupers in comfortable beds, whom Monna supported out of her wages. Portinari said to her, "This is God's work. I will help you in it."

He built a small hospital, and put her in charge of it. It has grown to be one of the largest in Florence. Among the sculptures which adorn it is a bas-relief of a homely, kind woman's face in a servant's hood.

All the world has heard the praise of Beatrice, but few, even of the poor invalids now in the hospital, know the name of the servant to whom the poor of Florence have for centuries owed so much.

#### THE LADY AND THE BIRD

Mail and Express

A million bobolinks killed last year! Four million other birds slaughtered in the same year—and for what? That their torn and distorted bodies might be flaunted in the head-gear of American womankind!

These are no guesswork figures, but the official report of the Audubon Society of Massachusetts. And what does it mean? It means five million voices stilled in Nature's avian choir. Five million flashes of cheeriness and gladness taken from human life; and millions of other young lives doomed to starvation or prey, in order that the plumaged corpse of the murdered mother bird may be rent by a milliner and jammed in hideous shapelessness in milady's hat!

Ah, milady, is there no efficacy in these desolating figures? Is there no mercy in your heart, no conscience in your make-up, no sentiment in your soul? Can you enjoy the finest opera when you think that the killing of the birds with which you and your sisters are crowning your beauty is gradually silencing the grand oratorio of the forest and the fields?

A birdless country! A voiceless forest! What a desolation that would be!

And yet that is just what this country is coming to, if the song birds of our land are to be killed off at the rate of five millions a year in order to gratify feminine vanity and keep woman "in style."

What a grewsome, hideous conscienceless "style" it is that murders melody and silences the lark which sings from heaven's gate!

#### THEIR OWN NAMES

ALICE W. ROLLINS

I knew a charming little girl,  
Who'd say, "Oh, see that flower!"  
Whenever in the garden  
Or woods she spent an hour.  
And sometimes she would listen,  
And say, "Oh, hear that bird!"  
Whenever in the forest  
Its clear, sweet note she heard.

But then I knew another—  
Much wiser, don't you think?—  
Who never called the bird a "bird";  
But said, "the bobolink,"  
Or "oriole," or "robin,"  
Or "wren," as it might be;  
She called them by their first names,  
So intimate was she

And in the woods or garden,  
She never picked "a flower";  
But "anemones," "hepaticas,"  
Or "crocus," by the hour.  
Both little girls loved birds and flowers,  
But one love was the best;  
I need not point the moral;  
I'm sure you see the rest.

For would it not be very queer,  
If when, perhaps you came,  
Your parents had not thought worth while  
To give you any name?  
I think you would be quite upset,  
And feel your brain a-whirl,  
If you were not "Matilda Ann,"  
But just "a little girl."

—The Independent.

#### HIS WORK

[Olive Plants]

One time a man came to one of the men who worked for him, and gave him a big stone and said:

"Now you cut in this stone the leaves just like the ones in this picture."

The stone did not look very pretty, and the man said:

"I will do just the very best I can, but I wish I could cut in this beautiful marble here." So he toiled away with his sharp tools, and after much work he finished the leaves according to the pattern.

When he finished this the master brought him another just like it, and told him to cut a branch in it. And so for weeks he worked on these big rough stones; and he did not know what they were for.

One day, when he was walking down town, in the large city, he saw a beautiful building. He went over to look at it, and there, in front of that large building were all those big rough stones upon which he had been working for so long. But they were all put together now to

form a most beautiful picture. The man looked at it a long time, and then said:

"Oh! how glad I am I did it well. Now I see what the master meant."

And so it should be with us. No matter what work is given you to do, be sure you do it well.

#### THE WORKERS WHO ARE WANTED

Selected

There are people in every church who seem ready on general principles to work, but who never consent to do any particular task when a precise duty is suggested. There is always some objection to be offered. These people are like the Irish tramp, says a contemporary, who had urged that he was willing to do anything in the way of odd jobs for his breakfast. But when it was suggested that he chop wood, he rejoined: "I'm a man of my word, an' I stick to the letter of my proposal. I said 'odd' jobs an' there ain't nothin' more common an' ordinary than chop-pin' wood."

Wanted—church members who are willing to do the odd jobs around the parish that are not odd, but just "common and ordinary." The Lord blesses the humble man who is willing to do spiritual chores for him.

### The Little People

#### JUNIOR LESSON FOR MAY 8

Things my Denomination has Accomplished —  
Eph. 5: 25-27; Psalms 87: 1-7.

Dear Juniors:—This is a subject that you may not know very much about, and this makes it all the more important that you should learn something about it. Your denomination means the church to which you belong. Perhaps you do not belong to any, if so, it is quite likely that your parents do, or some member of the family. Let us learn first of all that it is one's duty to be loyal to his church, that is you should make the interests of your church the first thing. If there are services in your church and also somewhere else, where should you go? To your own services, of course. And this we hope you do. It is all right to go to other churches also, but you should make attendance at your church your first duty. It is true our church has not accomplished as much as many others, but as a member of this church you may have done as much for Christ as those who belong to larger denominations. What have we done? Let us see:

1. We have regular State Conferences held each year in all the districts of the church.
2. We have a yearly National Conference which meets to talk about plans that will help us do more for Christ and for the church.
3. We have an organized young people's society, called King's Children, and this society is doing good work for Jesus.
4. We have Sunday schools all over the brotherhood, the boys and girls meet together on Sunday to study the Word of God.
5. We now have Mission Boards, State and National, and we are doing some missionary work in large cities, Chicago, Washington, Dayton, etc.
6. We have also paid our college debt and will soon have a school for our people.
7. We have literature for the church, the young people, and the Sunday school.
8. There is also in our church a sisters' society which is doing good work.